

Price 2 Cents.

GOOD-BYE, BIDDY DEAR

As sung by Frank Howard, with great applause.

Here I am, an Irishman,
I'm always in for a lark,
Sweet bad luck to the creature,
That would slight me on my bark.
But I've got a true love,
In Dublin far behind,
She says I am a broth of a boy,
My true love she is blind.

CHORUS—Good bye, Biddy, dear,
It's hard to part with you,
But though I'm going to leave you love,
I'll never prove untrue.
Cheer up, Mavoornen, don't look so forlorn,
The harvest time is coming on,
I am off to shear the corn.

I must away, my boys,
I can no longer stay,
Yonder lays the vessel,
Bound to Dublin Bay.
Sweet Biddy dear, suppose,
We're married bye and bye,
If I get that darling's heart,
Devil the more I'll cry.

As I arrived in Scotland,
There was plenty to eat and drink,
Plenty of Erin's sons were there,
And room for plenty more.
But all of the bride, that Irish girl,
My Biddy never fear,
The last words that she said to me,
Kept ringing in my ear.

I wouldn't leave old Ireland,
To see the times so scarce,
To see the starving creatures,
That would break the heart of a stone.
I bundled up my rigging,
While Biddy wept and cried,
As the vessel left the dock,
I stood on board and cried

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The Great Song, Toy and Stationery Store.